THE MAN FROM U.N.C.L.E.

GIANT

GAMES BOOK

GAMES
PICTURE GALLERY
STORY
PICTURES TO COLOUR

2/6

THE MAN FROM U.N.C.L.E.

GIANT GAMES BOOK

a storybook with pictures to colour and five games for you to play

WORLD DISTRIBUTORS (MANCHESTER) LIMITED

The CATCHUM SHARKUM Affair

THE outrigger canoe drifted slowly through the entrance of Ratawa lagoon. It was a few hours before sunset.

Two men were in the canoe, watching the water intently. One was a typical copper-skinned native of Micronesia, naked save for a belted waist-cloth. His short, sleek black hair contrasted with the blonde hair of his companion, who was a white man.

" Take it easy, Teraikai!" said Illya Kuryakin suddenly. " No danger sharkum?" he added, glancing round.

The native grinned over his shoulder with a flash of perfect white teeth. " No sharkum!" he replied. " Too close land for tababa!"

The man from U.N.C.L.E. nodded. He trusted the friendly fisherman. Yet that super-sense of danger, honed to a fine edge by countless adventures, made him look around with suspicious blue eyes.

It all looked peaceful beyond belief. The canoe was creeping up very slowly over coral heads. The big Pacific rollers boomed beyond the barrier reef, while inland, across a sapphire lake, was the golden circle of beaches, with a ribbon of palmgreen beyond.

But Illya knew that all was not hibiscus flowers, grass-skirts, and lazy guitars. Two months ago a plane had crashed into the lagoon of this Hollywood island. Two men had perished in the crash. One of them was a scientist by the name of Boiderdeck. He was a Dutchman who had apparently retreated to a neighbouring island in order to work upon a discovery, the nature of which demanded the utmost secrecy.

What that island experiment had produced, Illya did not know. All he knew was that his superior, Mr. Waverley, had called him into his office a week ago, in the New York headquarters of U.N.C.L.E., and told him: " You and Mr. Solo will catch a plane in an hour's time. You will be flying to the Micronesian islands to find the wreckage of a plane. It is lying in a lagoon, and your job is to recover from the wreckage a box striped in red and labelled *Danger*. Speed

is of great importance on this assignment, for we have reason to believe that Thrush may also be after the box. . . . That's all!"

An alarm bell suddenly rang in Illya's brain. His quick eyes had spotted what looked in that pellucid water like the dorsal fin of a cruising shark.

"Teraikai!" he yelled, and flung a pointing finger to where he had seen the fin. But it was gone now. "I thought I saw a shark," he explained.

The native crouched forward, as if to slip into the water with his knife. Then he grinned and shook his head. "No catchum sharkum," he chuckled, and sat down.

Illya crouched over the side, staring down. "But there's something down there!" he yelled. "Look out!"

He should have addressed the warning to himself. For even as he began to pull back into the boat a lithe, dark form shot upwards out of the water. A pair of brown arms encircled his neck and he went over the side with the sound of Teraikai's mocking laughter in his ears.

Illya was a good swimmer. Though he was dragged straight down for eight feet he did not panic. With a quick judo movement he broke the grip that was around his neck. It was almost clear daylight down there, and he whirled to get a look at his attacker. . . . To his astonishment, he saw an unmistakeable female form heading for the surface, long hair trailing.

By the time he broke the surface she was sitting in his place in the boat. Illya hung onto the side of the canoe and stared up at the enchanting creature who had given him a ducking. She was a girl of about nineteen, very comely in the sleekness of her apricot-satin skin, and she laughed at Illya with dark eyes sparkling.

"Oh, Golden Boy, did you not enjoy that?" she gurgled.

Illya grunted. He hauled himself in beside her. "You might say it was a surprise!" he agreed. "But who are you?"

"I am Tebutinnang," she said

Teraikai spoke over his shoulder with a grin. "In your language that means 'Movement-of-Clouds'," he explained.

"I'll stick to Tebutinnang," said Illya. "You are from the island?"

She nodded, gazing into his eyes with open admiration. "I was on the beach when I saw you enter the lagoon," she whispered. "My heart flew away from me . . . I love you, Golden Boy!"

Illya swallowed hard, and shifted on the hard wooden seat. "Yes . . . well—er . . ."

A dark figure broke the surface of the water beside the boat. Napoleon Solo, in frogman's outfit, trod water and stared. Then removing his mouthpiece he said: "Oh, pardon me! Am I interrupting something?"

Illya tried to ignore the girl's slender, wet arm around his shoulders. "Um . . . this is Tebutinnang. She's from the island. Might be useful to us," he ventured.

Napoleon shook water from his face, so that it was hard to tell whether he winked or not. "Oh—aha! Sure! I see! Might be useful, huh?"

Illya said between his teeth: "Oh, shut up, Napoleon, and tell me whether you found the plane wreckage down there?"

The other shrugged. "Not a sign," he said.

Illya began to say: "I'll go down and take a look—" when a neat row of miniature fountains kicked upwards from the smooth water close to the canoe.

"Get down!" rapped Napoleon, hugging the flimsy shelter of the cockleshell craft.

His fellow-agent needed no warning. Illya knew a burst of bullets when he saw them . . . and the fact that they were accompanied by no harsh warning crack told its own story. Thrush, as Mr. Waverley had feared, were in on the act again.

Illya found himself in the bottom of the canoe with Tebutinnang.

"Bullets!" he whispered, by way of explanation. "Guns! Bang, bang!"

"Mmm! Bang, bang, Golden Boy!" she murmured.

Teraikai was bent low over his paddle, and the canoe was fairly leaping through the water. The next burst from the sniper flung spray into the boat and drilled a neat hole in the stern. Water began to pour in—then stopped as Napoleon, hanging on behind, thrust a rubber-clad finger into the hole.

The native fisherman narrowly beat the next flurry of shots as he fairly lifted his canoe into the shelter of a bowstring of coral reefs.

They wasted no time in heading for the beach. With four of them making light of the craft, they were able to stumble rapidly up the golden sand to the shelter of the palm-trees. The sniper might have had an easy target, but he held his fire.

" Wow!" grunted Napoleon, struggling out of his frogman suit. " Sharks in the water, and Thrush on the island . . . going to be a nice, lazy kind of holiday!"

Illya nodded. He patted Teraikai on the shoulder. " You got us out of a very nasty jam there, Teraikai," he said.

The other grinned and rolled his large eyes. " Enemy with guns," he grunted. " No good. No catchum sharkum. . . . Me stay on land!"

The fisherman walked away towards his village.

Illya turned to meet the blissful gaze of the girl. " Tebutinnang," he began.

" Yes, Golden Boy?" she crooned.

" Who fired at us? You know?"

Her lovely oval face clouded over. She dropped her eyes. " No. Not know," she murmured.

Napoleon touched her on the shoulder. " Don't be scared," he said. " Can you tell us how many other white men on the island?"

She hesitated, then answered: " Only Old Anton at the trade store . . . and Father John at the Mission . . . and Doctor Paul, the Medical Officer."

The two U.N.C.L.E. agents exchanged glances. Illya spoke softly to the girl: " Tebutinnang, listen to me. My friend and I are looking for the wreckage of a plane that crashed in the lagoon. . . . Have any of your people found it? Has anyone taken a box with red stripes . . . Hey!"

He broke off with an exclamation as the native girl suddenly sucked in her breath with fright and, turning quickly, ran away towards the village.

Napoleon fingered his lean chin. " I guess that answers your questions, huh?" he said.

His companion nodded. " Well, there's one consolation—Thrush haven't found the box yet either, or they wouldn't be scaring us off the lagoon," he said.

They hid the frogman apparatus, and Napoleon checked his gun. " No time to waste, lover boy," he grinned. " Let's go meet the white men!"

The village lay curved around the beach-head. The two men walked past the canoe sheds and airy lodges. They followed a lily-bordered avenue where sunlight and shadow flickered beneath a moving canopy of palm-crests. Flowers glowed crimson and vermilion. The smell of poinsettia and hibiscus was strong.

The trading store was a sturdy, wooden building. They walked in to find a dignified man in his fifties relaxing in a cane chair and fanning himself. His faded grey eyes widened in surprise at the sight of the strangers and he struggled rather stiffly to his feet.

" Gentlemen, dis is a surprise!" he boomed in a deep voice, guttural with the Dutch inflection. " My gootness! I did not know dat a boat had called on de island!"

" Er—well no, it hasn't actually," smiled Napoleon. " We—er—dropped over by canoe from a neighbouring island. . . . You are Anton, the trader?"

The other's grey eyes glistened. His tanned face broke into a wide smile. " Ja! I am Anton Tuberlisk. . . . For forty years I have run dis trading post. Ja!"

Illya, who had been sizing-up the man, decided it was time to put their cards on the table. " Mr. Tuberlisk, we haven't much time to waste. Forgive our untimely haste! But we have to find a box

HUNT THE AGENT
2 to 4 players

Use the dice or spinner and choose a marker.

OBJECT: To score points by catching agents.

PLAY: Players take turns and move the number of spaces indicated. Using the scorecard a player scores every time he lands on an agent. If a player lands on a space occupied by another player he gets another turn. If that space is an agent, both players score. The correct number must be thrown to finish.

THE WINNER is the player with most points when everyone has finished.

WAVERLY CALLING
2, 3 or 4 players

Use a counter for each player and the dice.

OBJECT: To travel from the start Britain to U.N.C.L.E. headquarters and Chief Alexander Waverly in America.

PLAY: Players must shake a six to begin their journey as agents. A six puts you on the first square. Like all agents they must travel in secrecy so that a player landing on a square or country already occupied by another agent's counter must retreat to his last position.

Landing in one of the countries en route a player must consult the list printed below to find his instructions:

START - BRITAIN:	Shake a six to board the plane.
SPAIN:	Go to bullfight; miss a turn.
FRANCE:	Avoid THRUSH agent; go back two spaces.
HOLLAND:	If you shake a 3 or under, go the long way round, 4 or more, travel the arrow to Japan.
GERMANY:	Miss a turn - sailing on the Rhine.
ITALY:	Take wrong plane; follow the arrow.
EGYPT:	Thrush agent spots you; fly on 4 spaces.
INDIA:	Have two attempts to throw a 6 to take short cut to Brazil. If you fail you must continue the long way round.
CHINA:	False lead takes you back along arrow.
JAPAN:	Take short rest; miss a turn.
AUSTRALIA:	Brief visit; forward 5 spaces.
NEW ZEALAND:	Wrong contact; back along arrow.
BRAZIL;	Watch football match; miss 2 turns.
MEXICO:	Getting hearer home; forward 2 spaces.
AMERICA:	If you shake a 4 you are home; if not you must go back along arrow.

THE WINNER is the first player to arrive at headquarters. He must shake exact number to get in to Mr Waverly.

Hunt the Agent

SPOTTED BY ENEMY GO BACK TO START

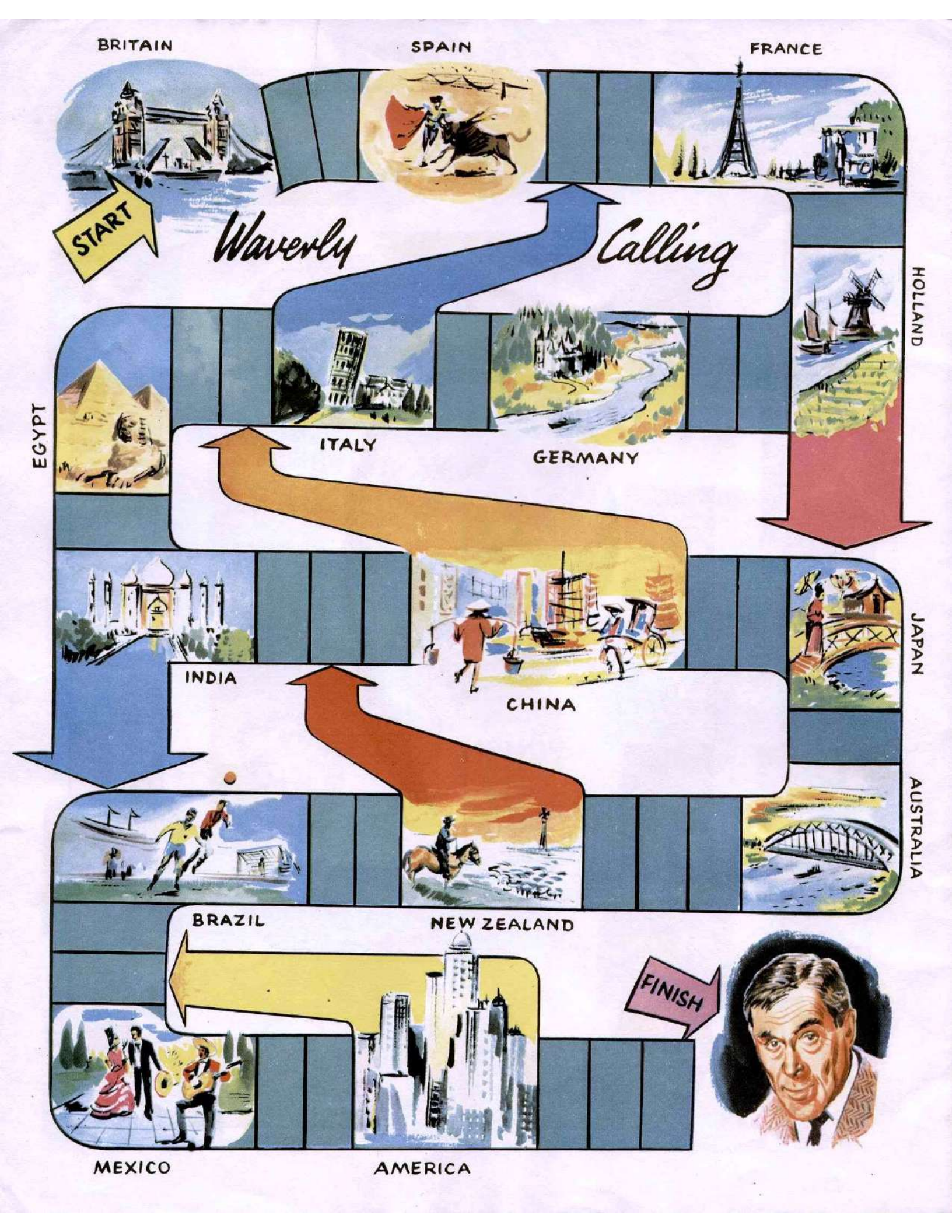
LOSE GUN THROW A SIX TO CONTINUE

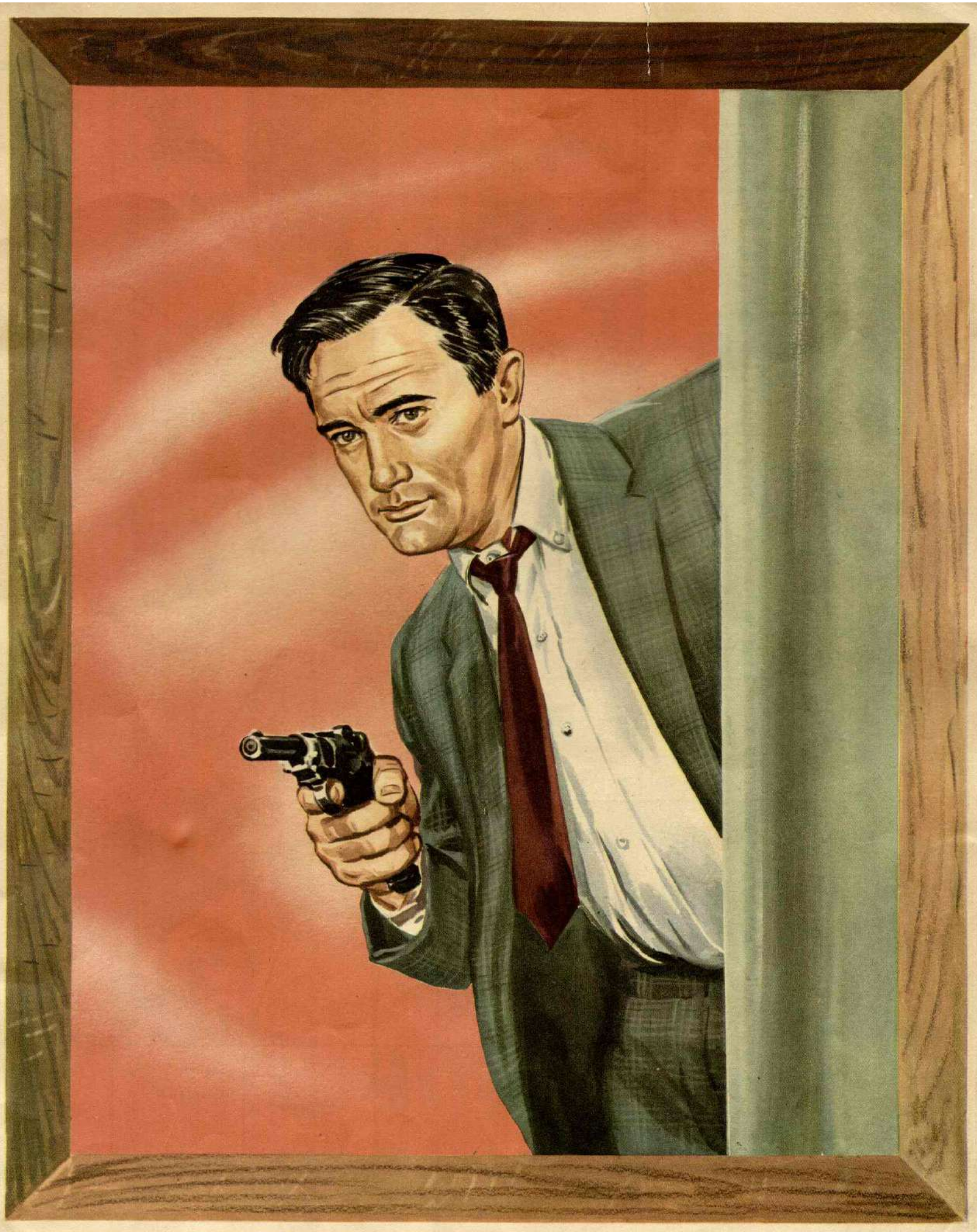
HELD BY THRUSH -MISS A TURN

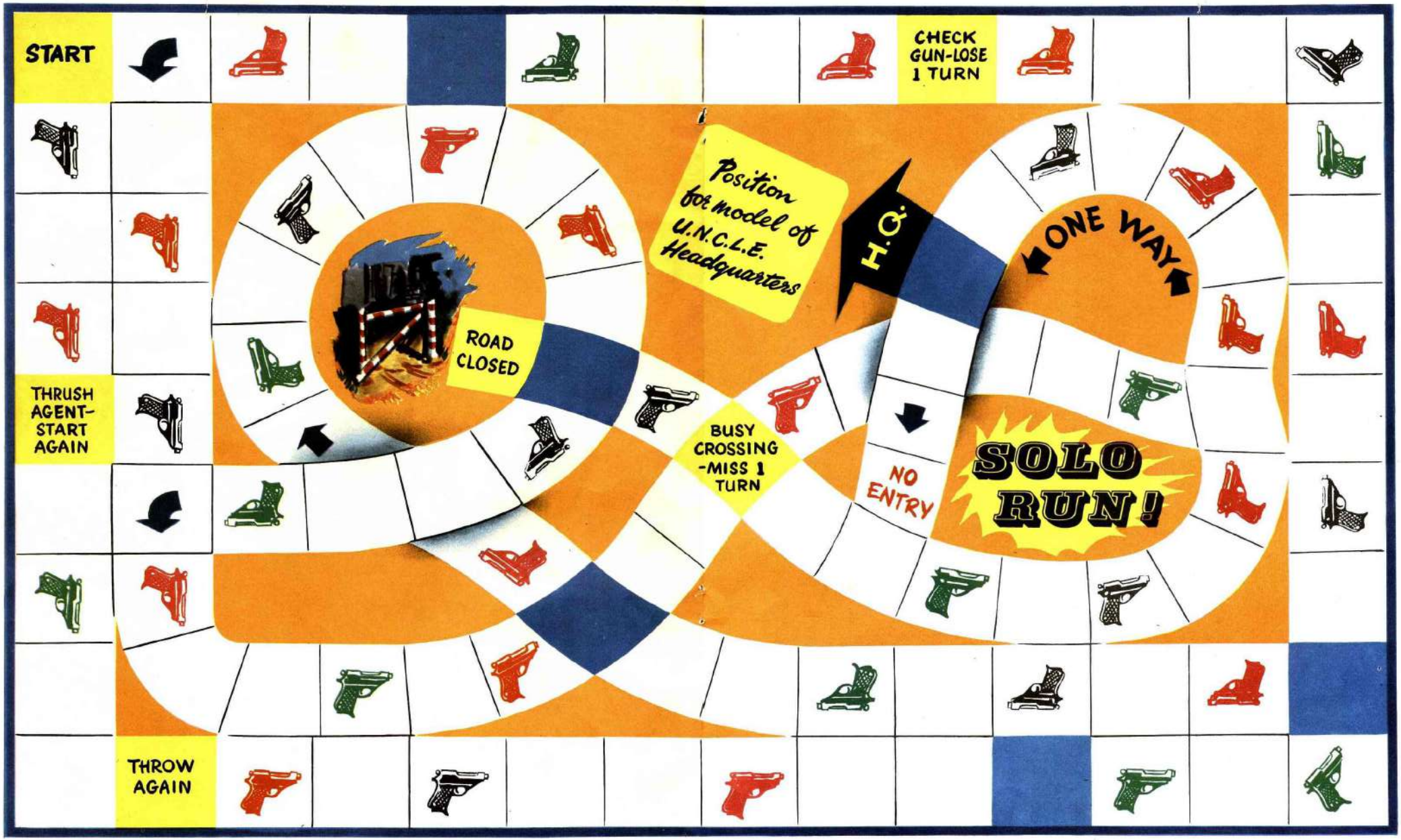
HOT ON TRAIL – MOVE ON 8 PLACES

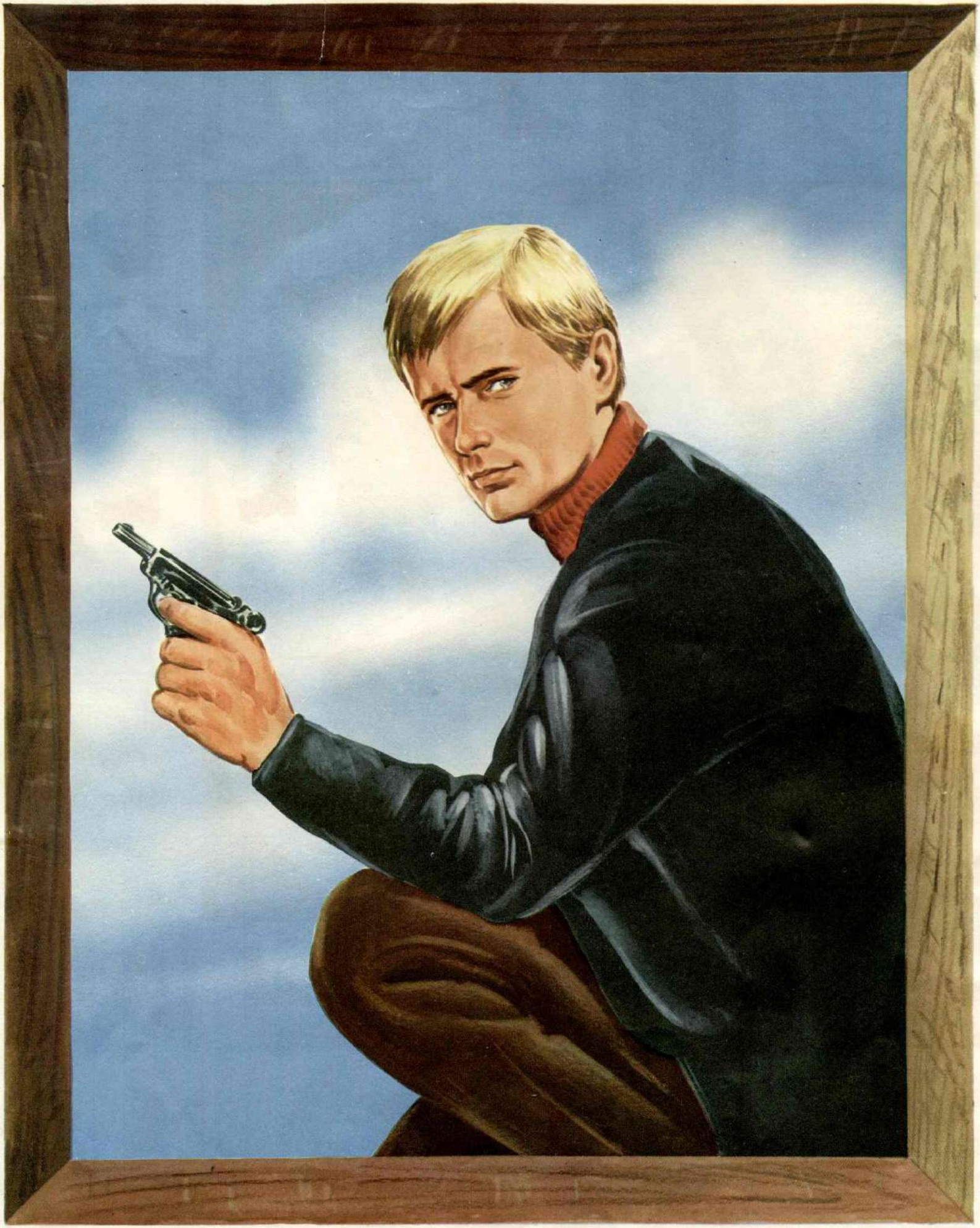
FINISH

START


BRITAIN
SPAIN
FRANCE
START
Waverly
Calling
HOLLAND
EGYPT
ITALY
GERMANY
INDIA
CHINA
JAPAN
AUSTRALIA
BRAZIL
NEW ZEALAND
FINISH
MEXICO
AMERICA




START
CHECK GUN-LOSE 1 TURN
Position for model of U.N.C.L.E. Headquarters
H.Q.
ONE WAY
ROAD CLOSED
THRUSH AGENT-START AGAIN
BUSY CROSSING -MISS 1 TURN
NO ENTRY
SOLO RUN!
THROW AGAIN



U.N.C.L.E.
THRUSH

Crossing the SWAMP
FINISH on DRY LAND
36
35
34
33 LOST- GO BACK TO START
32
31
30
29
28
27 ALIGATOR- GO BACK 8 PLACES
26
25
24 LOSE BOOT -GO BACK 12 PLACES
23
22
21 TAKE SHORT -CUT OVER FALLEN TREE TO N°28
20
19
18 CAUGHT IN TRAP-THROW A SIX TO CONTINUE
17
16
15 SWING ACROSS VINE TO N°26
14
13 SNAKE BITE- MISS I TURN
12 FALL OFF WET STONE TO N°3
11
10 ANT HILL HURRY ON 6 PLACES
9
8
7
6
5 MOSQUITOES! CATCH FEVER REST, AND MISS 2 TURNS
4
3
2
1
START

SOLO RUN
2, 3 or 4 players

Use a marker for each player and the dice or spinner.

OBJECT: To be the first Player to reach headquarters. Cut the model headquarters from the centre page, score along the dotted lines, fold and glue. Then place in position on game.

PLAY: Each player is an U.N.C.L.E. agent returning to headquarters. Players move according to the number they roll on the dice or spin on the spinner. If an agent lands on the same square as another agent he can send that agent back to the nearest square with a gun the same colour as the one in the square they are on, or if there is no gun in the square they are occupying then the colour of the gun in the nearest square in front of them. Players may change direction whenever they land on a blue square or when they shake or spin an even number. To reach headquarters a player must get the exact number.

THE WINNER is the first detective to reach headquarters.

U.N.C.L.E. v THRUSH
2 players

Use two U.N.C.L.E. markers and two THRUSH markers. Choose your colour, red or blue, and place on their respective squares.

OBJECT: To trap your opponent.

PLAY: The player with the U.N.C.L.E. markers plays first and tries to trap the player with the THRUSH markers. He moves one of his markers into the empty space, then THRUSH moves and so on until one or the other is trapped and cannot move.

THE WINNER is the player that succeeds in trapping his opponent.

CROSSING THE SWAMP
2 or more players

Use the dice and a marker for each player.

OBJECT: To move your marker from START to FINISH.

PLAY: Roll the dice to determine who starts. Highest score begins. The correct number must be thrown to finish the game.

THE WINNER is the player who arrives first at FINISH.

with red stripes. . . . It was taken from the wreck of the plane that crashed in the lagoon."

The trader sank slowly into his chair. A puzzled look came over his face. " A box?" he echoed. " But I haff heard nothing of this. . . . The plane wreck is still in the lagoon, ja? The police said nobody was to dive for it."

Out of the corner of his eyes Illya caught a flash of crimson outside the screen-door of the shop. It was Tebutinnang, a flower in her dark hair, beckoning.

Illya touched his companion on the arm. After a few more words with the Dutch trader, the agents left the shop.

The girl was scared—that was obvious by the quick glances she cast about her as she beckoned them into the shadows beside the avenue.

" Golden Boy, I fear for you," she whispered. " The box you seek is bad medicine. . . . Leave the island before it is too late."

A quick glance flashed between the two men. Illya put a reassuring hand on the girl's velvet shoulder, and felt her tremble nervously.

" We cannot go without the box, Tebutinnang," he said. " Do you know where it is?"

She hesitated, glancing shyly into his face. Then she nodded and turned away into the bushes. " Come!" was all she said.

Shadows were purpling under the high vault of palm trees as they made their way deeper into the island. They began to climb a steep path which emerged at last into a clearing. A solitary screened shack stood out into the open, fifty paces away. The two men saw the glimmer of a faint light through the plaited screens.

Illya noticed that Tebutinnang was shivering. She pointed: " That is the hut of Wei Natai, the witch. She knows about the box. . . . I cannot go in with you."

Illya watched her plunge back into the darkness of the bush. Then he glanced at his companion. " Maybe I'd better wait on guard, in case it's some kind of trap," he said.

Napoleon shook his heard firmly. " We go in there together, Golden Boy!" he said. " I wouldn't know what to say to a witch."

Side-by-side they went hesitantly through the opening that served as a doorway. The thatch was so low that, once inside, they could not stand upright. A hurricane lamp was burning with a feeble flickering.

Wei Natai was hunched on the floor. She turned a wrinkled face towards them, fixing them with a pair of bright, beady eyes. With a skeleton hand she removed the cutty pipe clamped between toothless jaws and waved the men to sit down. They squatted, cross-legged as she was.

They waited for her to speak. When she did, the directness of her question caught them by surprise.

" Why do you seek the box, white men?"

Napoleon cleared his throat. " Well—er—it contains something of great scientific importance, Ma'am," he began.

She cut him off with a wave of her hand. " Do you know the secret of the box?" she quavered.

Napoleon shrugged. " Well, not exactly," he admitted.

Wei Natai leaned forward, poking him with the stem of her pipe. " Beware!" she warned. " It is evil."

Illya motioned respectfully: " Thank you for the warning," he said. " But if you have the box, we would like to take it with us."

She shrugged, cackled; and rose to her feet. She shuffled to a corner of the hut and fumbled among a pile of palm leaves. When she turned, they saw a box striped with red in her hands.

Another voice spoke from the door of the hut. " Thank you, Wei Natai! I will take the box!"

The U.N.C.L.E. men were on their feet and whirling around in one well-oiled movement. But the man in the doorway halted them with a crisp command, hurled over the top of his unwavering gun-barrel. " Hold it, gentlemen!"

It was Anton Tuberlisk. He stood outlined against the brilliant evening sky. But the tired stoop had gone from his shoulders, and he stood splay-legged, like a man trained for sudden action.

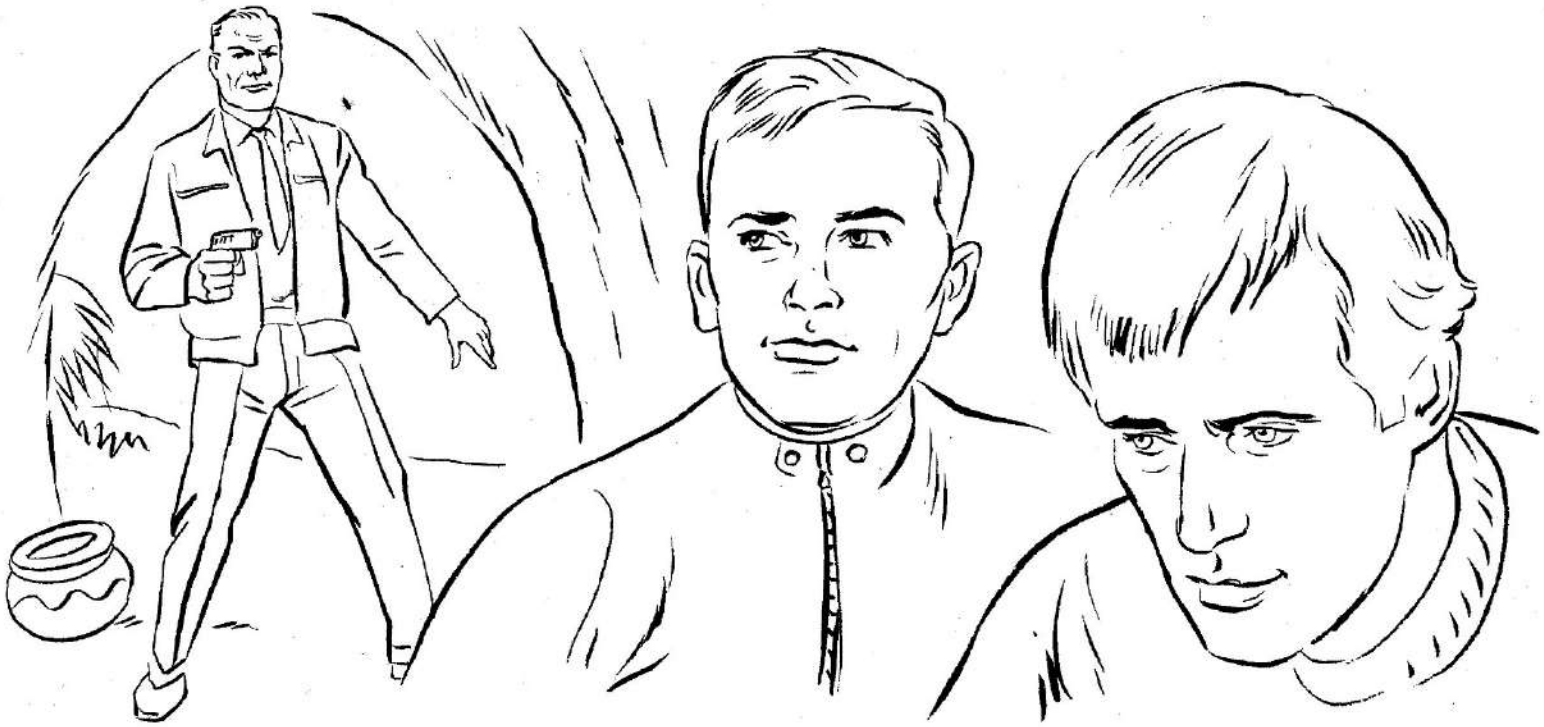
" That's right! Quite still, my friends! Now take out your guns and toss them onto the ground this way."

The two agents knew better than to make a false move. In the lamplight they were perfect targets for the wicked automatic in Tuberlisk's hands. The guns fell at his feet, and he picked them up. " Good! . . . And now the box! Hand it over, old woman!"

The crone had been watching him with a malevolent glint in her eye. Now she clutched the box to her breast. " No! You dare not take it now!" She cackled in triumph. " I have put a curse on the box. The one who opens it will die of the Whistling Devils!"

Tuberlisk moved the automatic in her direction. " Try a taste of my whistling devils then!" he spat out.

The gun spoke with a faint ' plop '. Very slowly Wei Natai crumped to the ground. Her skeleton fingers still clutched the box.



Tuberlisk bent and broke her grip. He stepped away with the box in his hand. " Well, gentlemen, I have what we both sought—Boiderdeck's magic box!" They saw him shift the box under his gun-arm, and reach into his pocket with his free hand. " Now, I'm afraid, I must arrange for you to stay here—for good!" he added.

They saw him toss something in their direction, they heard the 'pop' of a glass capsule on the ground, and the next moment a whitish vapour swirled upwards around them. . . .

Both men succumbed to the stun gas without a sound. Tuberlisk looked down at their unconscious forms. He laughed and put the gun away. Then he reached for the hurricane-lamp and began to set fire to the hut. . . . Within seconds the thatch was a roaring sheet of flame. . . .

Illya's mind swam lazily upwards out of a deep and murky pool of nothingness. As if from afar he heard a voice sobbing: " Golden Boy! Oh, what shall I do?"

He struggled to open his eyes. The dusky face of the beautiful island maiden was close above.

" Tebutinnang!" he whispered hoarsely, and began to struggle upright. Then he caught sight of the charred remains of the witch's hut.

" Where is my friend?" he cried.

Tebutinnang pointed to where Napoleon lay. " I came when the hut was blazing. I drag you out, then I drag your friend. . . . But I could not go back for Wei Natai."

Illya patted her shoulder. " There was no way of helping her. She had been shot by the trader," he said.

A frown clouding her dusky beauty, Tebutinnang said slowly: " I knew it. . . . That man is not our trader. It is someone made to look like him. . . . Old Anton would never shoot anyone here."

" We kind of suspected that much," nodded Napoleon, now conscious again. " Do you know where we might find him now?"

" Oh, yes!" She tossed her long black hair. " He was going towards the hospital."

" Take us there, will you?" asked Illya, and was rewarded with a quick, adoring smile.

They followed her back towards the village. Lights glittered in the windows of the two-storey hospital buildings.

Napoleon stopped and spoke to the girl. " I think it would be better if you went home now, Tebutinnang," he said softly. " And—er—don't say anything about Wei Natai just yet, huh?"

" But why not?" Her voice was puzzled.

" Well, what would your people do if they heard about it?"

" They would be very angry. They would come to punish the trader," she said.

" Exactly," remarked Napoleon. " And they would be shot. He has guns—and he would use them."

Promising to keep her secret, Tebutinnang slipped away in the darkness.

The two agents ran towards the building. They crouched beside one of the windows, and peered in. It was a ward with a dozen beds. A native nurse was moving about among the patients.

Then a faint but unmistakeable sound drew their attention to an upper window. It was the oscillation of a short-wave radio. Looking up they spotted a bamboo veranda. Illya motioned to his friend, and bent double to allow Napoleon to climb on his back. Napoleon hauled himself aloft. He edged towards the lighted window. . . .

Inside sat a doctor in a white medical coat. He was a young man, with dark hair and a pasty, white face. He was operating a tiny short-wave transmitter, and the agent outside heard him saying: " . . . .Yes, we have the box. . . . Put Plan B into effect. . . . We shall expect the seaplane tomorrow? . . . Good. That is all. Over and out."

Napoleon whispered a quick word to his companion below: " Going inside, Illya! Join me as soon as you can!"

He dived through the open window as the doctor was rising from his chair. The man raised a strangled cry before the agent struck him down with a neat karate blow. . . .

A plan had already formed in Napoleon's mind. The man was the same build, and the same

hair colouring as himself. Quickly he divested him of the white coat. He slipped it on, and borrowed the other's horn-rimmed glasses. Picking up a medical chart from the table, he walked boldly out of the room.

His luck was good. He passed two nurses who smiled in his direction, though he carefully kept his face half-hidden by the medical chart.

He was passing an open door when a voice hailed him: "Hey, Doc! Come in here!"

Napoleon hesitated. The voice was that of the man he sought, the bogus Anton Tuberlisk. To walk in might be inviting discovery. Yet to ignore the shout and walk on might equally be inviting a shot in the back. . . . He decided to brazen out his luck. . . .

With a preoccupied grunt he shuffled through the doorway. It was the trader, sure enough. The man was in his shirt-sleeves, bending over the box with the red stripes. He barely glanced in the direction of the 'doctor'. Napoleon was pretending to be engrossed in the chart.

"Get the radio message off? Huh? Good . . . Hey, close that door. I'm going to find out what makes this box so important to Thrush Central."

He paused as if expecting a reply, then swung on Napoleon belligerently. The agent turned away in the nick of time, pretending to blow his nose.

"Well, why shouldn't we look what's in the box?" growled the trader. "It cost us enough trouble to find, didn't it? And if you think I'm scared of that witch and her Whistling Death—you're crazy!"

He turned back to the box, and began to force open the lid. The lock gave with a sudden 'click'. The rusty hinges squealed. . . . And then, a piercing scream of terror left the trader's lips. . . .

Napoleon whirled. He was too startled to remember to hide his face. But the other man was staring fixedly into the box, as if hypnotised with terror. And shrill and high came a whistling that seemed to emanate from the box and fill the whole room. . . .

Shaking with fear, the trader began to back away. He was covering his ears. "Stop it!" he blubbered. "Shut the lid! That noise . . . it's killing me! Aaagh!"

He turned, ran blindly into the blank wall and slithered slowly to the ground, his fingers clawing the panels.

The whistling died away. Napoleon was badly shaken, but he pulled himself together. He stepped to the box and looked in. All it contained were scientific papers—formulas and diagrams. He could not make anything of them. But certainly they had nothing to do with that dreadful, inhuman whistling that had killed the Thrush agent. . . .

The door was kicked open. Illya rushed in. He stopped as he saw the body on the floor. Then he spotted the box in his friend's hands.

"Nice work, Napoleon," he said. "How did you do it?"

Napoleon managed his old thin-lipped smile. "Nothing to it, Illya," he said. "A little witchcraft. . . . I shall tell Mr. Waverley as soon as we get back to New York that no U.N.C.L.E. agent should be without a spell or two!"

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